

THE BASHFUL COUSIN.

BY MRS. HARRIET B. STOWE.

Mistakes and misunderstandings are not such bad things after all, at least not always so—circumstances alter cases.

I remember a case in point. Every body in the country admired Isabella Edmunds and in truth she was a admirable creature, just made for admiration, sonneteer, and falling in love with and accordingly all the country was in love with her.

Now I shall not inform my reader how she looked; you may just think of a Venus, a Psyche, a Madonna, a fairy and angel, et cetera, and you will have a very definite idea on the point. But Miss Isabella had a sister.

"Little Kate," for she was always spoken of in the diminutive, was some year younger than her sister, and somewhat shorter in stature. She had no pretensions to beauty—none at all—in short, she looked very much like Miss G., whom you admire so much, though you always declare she is not handsome.

It requires a very peculiar talent to be over-looked with good grace, and in this talent Miss Kate excelled: she was placid and happy by the side of her brilliant sister as any little contented star that for ages had twinkled on, unnoticed, and almost eluded by the side of peerless moon. Indeed, the only art or science in which Kate ever made any great proficiency was the art and science of being happy, and in this she so excelled, that one could scarcely be in her presence half an hour without feeling unaccountably happy himself.

She had a word of sprightliness, a deal of simplicity and affection, with a dash of good natural shrewdness, that after all kept you more in awe than you would suppose you could be kept by such a merry, good natured little body. Not one of Isabella's admirers ever looked at her with such devout admiration as did the laughing, loving Kate. No one was so ready to run and tend—to be up stairs and down stairs, and everywhere in ten minutes, when Isabella was dressing for a conquest.

It came to pass that a certain college valetudinarian, and a far off cousin of the two sisters, came down to pass a few months of his free agency at his father's and as aforesaid, he had carried off the first collegiate honor, besides the hearts of all the ladies in the front gallery at the commencement.

So interesting, so polite! such fine eyes and all that, was the reputation he left among the gentler sex. But, alas! poor Edward, what did all this advantage to him, so long as he was afflicted with this unutterable indescribable malady, malady commonly rendered bashfulness, a worse nuisance than any ever heard of in Carolina; should you see him in company, you would suppose him ashamed of his remarkably handsome person and cultivated mind. When he began to speak, you felt tempted to throw open the window and offer him a smelling bottle, he made such a distressing affair of it; and as to speaking to a lady, the thing was not to be thought of.

When Kate heard that this *rara avis* was coming to her father's she was unaccountably interested to see him, of course—because her cousin, and because—a dozen other things too numerous to mention.

He came, and was for days an object of admiration as well as admiration to the whole family circle. After a while however, he grew quiet domestic; entered the room straightforward instead of stealing in sideways; talked off whole sentences without stopping, looked at Miss Isabella full in the face without blushing, even tried his skill at sketching patterns and window sill—read poetry and played the lute with the ladies—romped and frolicked with the children, and in short, as John observed, was as merry as a psalm book from morning till night.

Divers reports began to spread abroad in the neighborhood, and great confusion existed in the camp of Isabella's admirers. It was stated with precision how many times they had ridden, walked and talked together, and even all they had said—and in short, the whole neighborhood was full of "That strange knowledge that doth come. We know not how, we know not where."

As for Kate, she always gave all admirers to her sister, ex-officio; so she thought of all men she had seen, she should like cousin Edward best for a brother, and she did hope that Isabella would like him as she did, and for some reason or other, she felt as if she could not ask any question about it. At last, events appeared to draw to a crisis. Edward became more and more "brown studies" every day—and he and Isabella had divers solitary walks and confabulations, from which they returned with a solemnity of countenance. Moreover the quick sighted little Kate noticed that when Edward was with herself he seemed to talk as though he talked not,—when with Isabella he was all animation and interest a reveries, and broke off the thread of conversation abruptly, and in short, had every appearance of a person who would be glad to say anything if he only knew how.

"So," said Kate to herself, "they neither of them speak to me on the subject—I should think they might. Bell I should think would, and Edward knows I am a friend of his. I know he is thinking of it all the time; he might as well tell me, and he shall."

The next morning little Kate was settling in the little back parlor. Isabella had gone out shopping, and Edward was—she knew not where. Oh no here he is, coming back into the self same room—"Now for it," said the little girl mentally; "I'll make a charge at him." She looked up, Master Edward was sitting diagonally on the sofa, twirling the leaves his book in a very unscientific manner; looked out of the window, then walked up to the sideboard and then poured 3 tumblers water—then he drew a chair up to the work table and took up first one ball of cotton, and looked up all over, and laid it down again; then he took up the scissors and minced up two or three little bits of paper, and then began to pull the needles out of the needle-book and put them back again.

"Do you wish for some sewing, sir?" said the young lady, after having very composedly superintended those operations.

"How Ma'am, what?" said he starting and upsetting the box, stand and all upon the floor.

"Now, cousin, I'll thank you to pick up that cotton," said Kate, as the confused collegian stood staring at the cotton balls rolling in diverse directions. "It takes some time to pick up the strings in a lady's work-box." But at last peace was restored, and with it a long pause.

"Well, cousin," said Kate in about ten minutes, if you can't speak I can; you have something to tell me, you know you have.

"Well, I know I have," said the scholar, in a tone of hearty vexation.

"There's no use of being so fierce about it," said the mischievous maiden, "nor of tangling my silk and picking out all my needles, and upsetting my work-box as preparatory ceremonies."

"There is never any use in being a fool Kate, but I am vexed that I cannot say—a long pause.

"Well, sir, you have displayed a reasonable fluency so far; don't you feel as tho' you could finish?" don't be alarmed: I should like of all things to be your confidant."

But Edward did not finish; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he appeared to be going into convulsions.

"Well! I must finish for you, I suppose," said the young lady. "The short of the matter is, Master Edward you are in love and have exhibited the phenomena thereof this fortnight. Now you know I am a friendly little body, so do be tractable and tell the rest. Have you said anything to her about it?"

"To her—to whom?" said Edward, starting.

"Why, Isabella, to be sure—it's she isn't it?" "No, Miss Catherine, it's you!" and the scholar, who like most bashful persons would be amazingly explicit when he spoke it all.

Poor little Kate! it was her turn to look at the cotton balls and to exhibit symptoms of scarlet fever—but that's no concern of mine.

Highly Important!

Another Farewell Address!!—Citizen Samudary Resigns!!!

The following intensely interesting document was ushered into daylight through the columns of Monday's Statesman. It will be read with profound sensations from the Lake to the Ohio river. It will stir up the muddy and stagnant pools of patriotic feeling in many a noble heart. It will be printed on satin and hung up in the sanctum sanctorum of the faithful every where. Hear, O ye people of Ohio. Listen to this Bombast Furore—this Don Quixote—this Jack Falstaff—this—But do read!

TO THE PEOPLE OF OHIO!

Having been appointed by the Convention of the people of Ohio, held in this city on the 10th day of May 1848 as a member of the "committee of public safety" in a crisis of great danger to the public peace and the security of the state government, and the crisis having now passed by the repeal of the Hamilton county division, I hereby tender my resignation, into the hands that gave it.

In thus resigning a post, which I hope I held with satisfaction to the public and honor to myself, permit me to congratulate the peace, order loving and constitutional abiding citizens of Ohio, on their triumph success in repelling from the public councils up to the hour of the repeal, those who would have received the demand of a broken constitution and the wages of treason.

Seldom in the history of nations and politics, was there so successful an overthrow of a fraudulent law, holding in its own sections the vitality of the state, and that in a peaceable manner and under the forms and established usages of a state.—It is a matter of deep congratulation to all friends of constitutional government that the severe and bitter agitation of now two years in time, has ended so peaceably and yet so successfully.

Few hoped for it—thousands doubted it, but the end has proven the correctness of issue, and the far seeing judgment of those who set the ball of resistance in motion. There is a deep moral in the triumphant result that should sink deep into the hearts of all men who attempt to violate the written law of the land for partisan ends. May it not be without its just influence in all future time.

My labors being at an end as a member of the "committee of public safety," I bid my worthy and extended colleagues a parting adieu, and remain the peoples' very humble servant, ever ready to serve them on any equal emergency.

S. MEDARY.

Columbus, Feb. 4, 1850.

Now, we rather guess the world never saw a production quite equal to that! We are so overcome with feelings of sublime admiration at the manner, as well as the matter, that we can hardly find words to comment thereon to-day. We shall ever thank the citizen that he has added such a gem to the political literature of the nineteenth century.

We do not know what his "extended" colleagues will do! We don't know what the state will do. We don't know what the people will do, now that he has withdrawn from the "committee of safety!" Verily, if there was ever a most supremely ridiculous affair, this is one. Read it, study its grammar, its diction, its swaggar. It is rich beyond all former specimens. Great man! Great writer!!—Bah!!!

A PAINFUL PICTURE.—The Boston Daily Advertiser publishes the following extract from a letter of an American at Berlin:

"* * * But all things are tame beside our Minister Hennegan. He is the most mannerless and utterly vulgar man I ever met. Though now recovering, he has during a considerable time been almost dying of delirium tremens. His presence here is the greatest possible disgrace to our country. I cannot here tell you about him; the stories which are current, and unhappily authenticated, surpass all belief. His manner and conversation are unendurable; his debauchery with women so gross and continuous that the servants in the hotel are scandalized. In coming across the frontier, he swore and quarreled with the police who demanded his passport, attracted a great crowd, and after long abuse, flung the pass at last in the officer's face. He was so insane in his hotel with delirium tremens, that he thought himself pursued by fiends from hell, and persecuted by women whom he saw in the stove and every where about the room.—The figures in the pictures on the walls, he insisted moved about and mocked him. He opened his windows and called in a crowd of persons to assist him in driving out imaginary women; and was one day taken up for dead, so far had his disease progressed.

QUICK DIGESTION—HEALTHY FOOD.—Of all the articles of food, boiled rice is digested in the shortest time—an hour. As it also contains eight-tenths nutritious matter, it is a valuable substance for diet. Tripe and pigs' feet almost as rapidly. Apples, if sweet and ripe, are next in order. Venison is digested almost as soon as apples.—Roasted potatoes are digested in half the time required by the same vegetable boiled, which occupied three hours and a half—more than beef or mutton. Bread occupies three hours and a quarter.—Stewed oysters and boiled eggs are digested in three hours and a half—an hour more than is required by the same article raw. Turkey and goose are converted in two hours and a half, and a half sooner than chicken. Roasted veal, pork and salted beef, occupy five hours and a half—the longest of all articles of food. [Scien. American.

The best rules for preserving health and strength are—go to bed early—rise early—take as much exercise as you can in the open air, without fatigue—eat and drink moderately of plain nourishing food—and especially keep the mind diverted—by reading the Freeman.

When a daughter remarks: "Mother I would not hire help for I can assist you to do all the work in the kitchen," set it down that she will make a good wife.

THE FREEMAN:

FREMONT, OHIO.

J. S. FOLKE, Editor.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1850.

Notice Extraordinary.

The readers of the Freeman will, no doubt, be gratified to learn that it is the intention of the publisher to materially enlarge it, at the close of the present volume, so that it will compare favorably with any weekly paper published in the State. No pains or expense will be spared to make the Freeman one of the best papers in the country. Especially shall it be our aim to adapt it to the wants of the citizens of Sandusky and adjoining counties, so that they may not be under the necessity of demoralizing themselves with the filthy publications of the Eastern cities at one dollar a year.

While our readers may be gratified with the promise made above, there is another feature after mature deliberation, we have determined to adopt, which we hope will also meet their approbation, to wit: ALL SUBSCRIPTION MONEY MUST INvariably BE PAID IN ADVANCE. The losses and inconveniences attending the publication of newspapers on credit are so great, that the plan is already abandoned to a considerable extent, and ought to be completely so by the newspaper press. It is a little matter for each subscriber to pay in advance for his newspaper; but a publisher who trusts in small sums over several counties, is at great expense in collecting them, and in many instances he fails entirely to obtain any remuneration for his paper.

Accordingly no man will be considered a subscriber to the Freeman, after his present subscription expires, who has not paid the subscription in advance. To enable every man in this and the adjoining counties to subscribe for the paper, we give it at the following terms:

To single mail subscribers, one year, \$1 50
To clubs of ten and upwards, to one address 1 37 1/2
To clubs of fifteen " " 1 25

Town subscribers will be charged \$1 75. The difference in the terms between the price on papers delivered in town and those sent by mail, is occasioned by the expense of carrying.

We trust the Whigs of Sandusky and neighboring counties, will lend their aid and influence in procuring subscribers for the Freeman. It will continue as heretofore, to advocate the principles of the Whig party, and lend its influence to advance the interests of our common country. In thus appealing to the Whigs, we do not wish our Democratic friends to suppose that we would object to receiving their aid as an aid from them. On the contrary we will be glad to send them our paper, and it shall be our constant aim to benefit them, and if possible, convince them of the "error of their ways."

Whig State Convention.

The Whig State Central Committee have issued the following call:

TO THE WHIGS OF OHIO.

In accordance with the almost unanimous sentiment and advice of prominent Whigs from different sections of Ohio, the Whig State Central Committee have fixed upon Monday, the 6th day of May next, as the most convenient time, and Columbus the place for holding a Convention of Delegates of the Whigs of Ohio, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the office of Governor, and transacting such other business as may come before the Convention.

J. RINGWAD, J. H. H. ENGLISH, J. B. THOMPSON, J. GRAHAM, W. DENNISON, Jr., Columbus, February 1, 1850.

Times of holding the Courts of Common Pleas in the 13th Judicial Circuit of Ohio for 1850: ERIE, February 18; May 20; Oct. 7. HONOL, March 11; June 3; Sept. 16. SANDUSKY, March 25; June 17; Oct. 21. WOOD, April 1; October 28. LUCAS, April 5; June 24; Nov. 1. OTTAWA, May 7; Sept. 10.

Whenever the Democrat will propound to us questions which Gen. Taylor and Henry Clay advocate, we shall take great pleasure in answering them. But as long as he asserts as facts, in his interrogations, things which are absolutely at variance with the acts and professions of these men, we must respectfully decline any notice of them whatever. As a sample, we will state one of the questions put to us: Do we support the resolution of Mr. Clay "to sanction and permit the cursed slave pens and the slave traffic in the District of Columbia." All know that Mr. Clay's resolution was right to the contrary of this—that Mr. Clay advocates the suppression of this traffic, and the discontinuance of those pens.

Fowler & Wells' Publications.

These enterprising publishers are sending forth a variety of publications, got up in the very neatest style. In neatness of execution but few book publishers equal them, none excel. We have received from these liberal as well as enterprising publishers the following publications:

AMERICAN PNEUMOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—Monthly. \$1 a year in advance.

THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL AND HERALD OF REFORMS. Monthly. \$1 a year in advance.

CHRONIC DISEASES, especially Nervous Diseases of Women. By D. Rosch. Translated from the German by Chas. Dunning. pp. 61. Price 25c.

PSYCHOLOGY, or the Science of the Soul considered Physiologically and Philosophically. With an Appendix, containing Notes of Mesmerism and Psychical experience. By Joseph Hadcock, M. D. With engravings of the Nervous System. pp. 109. Price 25c.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF DIGESTION, considered with relation to the principles of dietetics. By Andrew Combe, M. D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh.—Author of the Principles of Physiology, etc., etc. Tenth edition.—Illustrated with engravings. pp. 375. Price 25c.

SHERWOOD'S MANUAL FOR MAGNETIZING, with the Vibrating Magnetic Machine, and for the Magnetic or Duodynamic treatment of diseases, with a brief synopsis of Animal Magnetism, Homoeopathy and Allopathy, with Anatomical and other illustrations. Revised by H. H. Sherwood's successors. pp. 375. Price 50c.

THE SCIENCE OF SWIMMING. By an experienced Swimmer. pp. 87. Price 12 1/2c.

All the foregoing works can be forwarded by mail, Address, Fowler & Wells, Publishers, 129 and 131 Nassau street, New York.

The Democrat says that we were in error in stating that he voted against the non-intervention resolution, as it finally passed the late Locofoco Convention at Columbus. Presuming that friend Orton is correct, we cheerfully place the matter right before our readers. We made the statement from memory, having read the proceedings in a borrowed paper. He not only voted, then, for the anti-slavery resolutions that were so summarily disposed of, but also for the pro-slavery resolution which passed—thus proving to his political friends that he is bound to keep on both sides.

Our thanks are due Hon. A. E. Wood, for valuable public documents sent us.

We had not thought that our article commenting upon Mr. Wood's vote for Speaker of the House of Representatives, would so have irritated the sensitive feelings of the champion of Old Hunkerism, Free Soilism, Biologism, to say nothing of half a dozen other isms, which are now being trumpeted through the land, as to cause him to resort to so scurvy and billingsgate a style of defence. Our friend is generally careful not to let the excitement of the moment, or his feelings, overcome his better judgment, but in the present instance, we are sorry to say, his "good angel" has entirely forsaken him, and he has fallen into that strain of misrepresentation and abuse too prevalent among the Locofoco press.

The editor of the Democrat is pleased to say: "That paper, (the Freeman,) though formerly professing opposition to Slavery, is obliged to turn a short corner in the face of all its former acts, and sustain a pro-slavery administration." This paper was established here nearly a year ago, and has supported Gen. Taylor's administration since that time, in every measure it has proposed for the consideration of Congress. The editor of this paper also supported Gen. Taylor for the Presidency, as a choice between him and that "arrant doughface," Mr. Cass, preferring to see a man occupying the Presidential chair who recognizes the right of Congress to legislate upon the subject of slavery in the territories, rather than a man who says such legislation by Congress is unconstitutional—the doctrine of Mr. Cass. Wherein we "have turned a short corner," we cannot possibly see. If our friend will select and publish any articles written by us, without garbling or misconstruing them, showing that we have been inconsistent on the subject of slavery, we will cheerfully publish them that all may see what a truth-telling Old Hunker he is. We have always argued and maintained that the territories acquired from Mexico should forever remain free, and rather than advocate a measure that would admit of a traffic, so unnatural, so inhuman, god-abhorred and unreplicable, as that in human flesh and blood in those territories, we would suffer our right hand to be severed from its place.

Our friend further says: "and even the publication of malicious lies of a personal nature against him, (Mr. Wood,) are without hesitation resorted to by our neighbor of the Freeman." To such kind of arguments we have no disposition to reply. But such remarks are very naughty in our friend, and never should be dealt in save when more solid arguments cannot be obtained—as probably was the fact in this case. We will state, however, that he is at liberty to apply any epithets to us he wishes. They won't hurt us. His objects are well understood by this community, and many of his party have become heartily ashamed of their self-constituted leader.

This special pleading of the Democrat to create an impression that we have taken special pains to misrepresent and abuse Mr. Wood, both in his political and private transactions, is as small a trick, perhaps, as we ever knew it to be engaged in by Mr. Wood, (and we have once before said the same thing) as a man, is respected by all who know him, and has many warm personal friends in both political parties where he is known. As a neighbor he is kind and obliging; and withal, a gentleman, and hence our belief that he will hold in utter contempt the man, who retorts with epithets the most abusive upon an opponent, for an honest difference of opinion in political matters.

We do not approve of Mr. Wood's vote on the election of Speaker. We said, and we still think, if he was opposed to the election of a slave holder to the office of Speaker *in principle*, he should have cast his vote not only against Mr. Cobb, but for Mr. Winthrop, who is denounced by the South as a "Northern Abolitionist." As the Democrat's great leader and adviser—Father Ritchie—would say, *nous verrons*.

The Medina Democrat.

The following extract is taken from the last number of the Medina Democrat. In speaking of the nomination of Judge Wood, and the action of the state convention upon the resolutions introduced by Mr. Warner, the editor says:

"For ourselves, and for the Democrats of Medina county, we repudiate this action of the Convention. It is a platform we cannot stand on without violating both principle and honor. The democracy of this county have taken a stand on this question in favor of Freedom, and we mistake them if they will swerve from it. Judge Wood besides is a man candidate. Before the convention met, a series of questions as to his opinion in regard to prohibition of slavery extension, and its abolition in the District of Columbia, were addressed to him by our delegation, and he did not see fit to reply thereto. If it is democratic to support candidates for office who refuse to make public their opinions upon questions of transcendent importance, then we have not rightly understood either the creed or practice of the party."

Biology, Again.

Professors Wilson and Dunton have closed a successful and highly interesting series of lectures and experiments in this new and marvellous science. They are no quacks, but men of science, who apparently, thoroughly understand what they are doing. [Democrat.

Mr. FOLKE:—The following dialogue was heard a few days since in explanation of the Science of Biology. If you think it worth a place in your paper, you are at liberty to publish it for the benefit of mankind: A.

"I say, nigga, what's dis de white folks calls 'biology'."

"O Cuff, cant you neber know nothing; its feel-in de bumps to see wheder dat was a sheep or a hog you took tuder night."

"Oh hush! you don't take de meaning; its magnetic Bolgy I wish to munitate."

"Dats Bolgy; now I explain: De snake charm de bird till he kotch him, an de man charm de pocket till he fetch out de shilling; den he say 'all right.' Dis is de 'scientific' way ob raising de wind when de sun shines. Nuff ced, yah! yah!"

F. O. M. Bell, Sergeant-at-Arms, and H. Chase, Ohio House Representatives, will please accept our thanks for public documents received.

St. Valentine's Day, February 14th, 1850.

The following are said to be several of the Valentines received by the young ladies of this place on St. Valentine's Day. How we got hold of them won't do for us to say; but in these days of Mesmerism and Biology, there are many things take place, entirely inexplicable to the uninitiated:

VALENTINE 1ST.

Sweet are the hours we have passed away,
In friendship's close, truth and pleasure,
Where beauty has traced upon your brow
Intellect large, which I must allow
Has attracted my eye when beholding you,
In conversation of those I have bid adieu;
In relation to this then, I must confess
That to you I owe one lonely kiss.

VALENTINE 2D.

Upon your fair brow are linesaments shown,
That tell a tale that's hard to be borne,
Cheeks that red as roses shine;
When to play coquet you are inclined,
Some you give the mitten and others the sack,
When they fly to the left then to the right track.

VALENTINE 3D.

Dear Em to me you are a rose-bud true,
As fresh and fair as the morning dew;
Love awakens sweet, glorious streams,
As I think of you in my nightly dream.

VALENTINE 4TH.

Around those laughing eyes are made
Thoughts of wealth, truth and pleasure,
And many a sad must bow the head
In order to obtain such a goodly treasure;
Then unto thee I fain would ask
Have you enjoyed yourself since Thursday last?
I hope it has been to your heart's content,
As good as you did when to Bell's you went,
With sleigh load full and horses four,
You had good company, some fifteen or more.

VALENTINE 5TH.

Let love, truth, and friendship in your heart combine,
As we strew your path with laurels entwined;
Vested with beauty your name is endeared
To friends, whose fidelity always comes near.
In sickness or death, your hands are ready,
To administer help to friends that are needy.

VALENTINE 6TH.

Would I were anything that thou dost love,
A flower, a shell, a waferlet, or a cloud,
Aught that might win a moment's soul-look from thee,
To be a joy forever in thy heart;
That were in truth distinct joy to mine,
A low, sweet, haunting tone that will not let
Thy memory go, but fondly twines around it
Pleading and beautiful, for unto thee
Music is life, such life as I would be.
A statue wrought in marble without stain,
Where one immortal truth embodied lives
Instinct with grace and loveliness, a fane,
A fair Ionic temple growing up
Light as a fly in the blue air,
To the glad melody of a tuneful thought,
In its Creator's spirit, where thy gaze
Might never weary, dedicated to thee,
Thy image shrined within it, lone and loved.

Henry Clay.

Whatever difference of opinion there may be about the propriety of adopting the compromise resolutions of Mr. Clay, it will be admitted on all sides that he bore himself gallantly in the fight at the time of their introduction. Mr. Mason of Virginia, and Mr. Davis of Mississippi, attacked him for his admission that slavery does not exist in the territory we have acquired from Mexico. His remarks in defence have a boldness and decision that entitle them to the admiration of every good citizen. However much we may differ with him about the propriety of prohibiting slavery in the Territories, we cannot but admire the manner in which he meets the slavery propagandists. We quote a few remarks of Mr. Clay from the Intelligencer, upon this subject:

"I am extremely sorry to hear the senator from Mississippi say that he requires, first, the extension of the Missouri compromise line to the Pacific, and also that he is not satisfied with that, but requires, if I understand him correctly, a positive provision for the admission of slavery south of that line.—And now, sir, coming from a slave state, as I do, I owe it to myself, I owe it to truth, I owe it to the subject, to say that no earthly power could induce me to vote for a specific measure for the introduction of slavery where it had not before existed, either south or north of that line. Coming as I do from a slave state, it is my solemn, deliberate, and well matured determination, that no power, no earthly power, shall compel me to vote for the positive introduction of slavery, either south or north of that line. Sir, while you reproach, and justly too, our British ancestors, for the introduction of this institution upon the continent of America, I am for one, unwilling that the posterity of the present inhabitants of California and New Mexico shall reproach us for doing just what we reproach Great Britain for doing to us. If the citizens of those territories choose to establish slavery, and if they come here with constitutions establishing slavery, I am for admitting them with such provisions in their constitutions; but then it will be their own work, and not ours, and their posterity will have to reproach them and not us, for forming constitutions allowing the institution of slavery to exist among them. These are my views, sir, and I choose to express them; and I care not how extensively or universally they are known. The honorable senator from Virginia has expressed his opinion that slavery exists in these territories, and I have no doubt that opinion is sincerely and honestly entertained by him; and I would say, with equal sincerity and honesty, that I believe that slavery nowhere exists within any portion of the territory acquired by us from Mexico. He holds a directly contrary opinion to mine, as he has a perfect right to do; and we will not quarrel about that difference of opinion."

THE OLD FELLOW.—The Washington Globe thus bears testimony to the great increase and noble mission of Odd Fellowship:

We believe that in the whole history of the world, there is no instance of any society of men united by power, wealth, or political influence, who have from an humble beginning risen so rapidly to be both numerous, and opulent, as the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. This fact is itself an eulogium on the order—on its objects, its conduct, and its administration. The great aim of it is to do good, and the only aim we believe. To comfort the sorrow-stricken, to heal the sick, to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, and to relieve the necessitous, are cardinal purposes for which Odd Fellowship was instituted. So far it has nobly fulfilled the mission, and its success has far exceeded everything that could have been anticipated. Everywhere the Odd Fellows are erecting noble buildings, called halls, and they are not built for show altogether, but for use, and they are made useful always we believe.

DISUNION IN TENNESSEE.—A writer in the Nashville True Whig, of the 1st instant, asserts that there is not in Tennessee one man in a thousand who favors disunion in any shape, or under any circumstances.

Further Foreign News.

ARRIVAL OF THE NIAGARA. IRELAND—SOCIAL DEMOCRACY. From the [Dublin] Irishman.

Ireland runs rapidly toward her destiny. It is before her, and man or devil, force or fraud, shall in vain attempt to stop her career. She has suffered long, but the greatest misfortunes are not without advantage. We have lived to the age of reason, when revolt, insurrection, or revolution may be guided by the hand of wisdom—when reflection has pushed instinct from its throne—and instead of the reckless spring of the mountain tiger, we have learned to bide our time, and choose both day and ground.

Is this nothing? History is the text book of the present, the apocalypse of the future. In the mad revolutions—the stubble that burned for a night, and then was scattered as ashes to the winds of heaven—we see what we have to avoid. In others, methodical, arranged, concerted, and bearing the impress of produce, we see examples worthy of imitation.

Ireland, we have said, marches strongly and inevitably to the goal of political independence.—But, as Frenchmen have found, she must have more than that, or independence itself will be but a unsalted plthing, a dyed garment stretched over the back of misery.

We must become socially democratic, as well as politically so. To speak plainly—for no good can come of disguise—no great benefit can be derived from struggling for half a victory; Ireland must be thoroughly and radically revolutionized in all her social relations.

The tyranny of capital must be plucked down.—The grinding influence of great master employers must be eradicated, and by salutary provisions its future growth must be prevented.

It is idle to talk of confining our views to the adjustment of the land question, the first establishment of the occupier, and the debasement or the annihilation of the agrarian aristocracy. All these are necessities, solid in themselves, and essential to our independence.

But we must go much further. The landlord aristocracy is nearly rotted off the stem; but behind it, partially unobserved, a new aristocracy has sprung up, infinitely more formidable, because apparently more consonant with reason and sound principle.

The aristocracy of